THE NAUTILUS.

A Journal of Practical Ideality. The Organ of no School, bound by no Creed. "Consistency" and "Conformity" clipped from its vocabulary. Growth and usefulness, Good and Joy of all, its object.

Learn of the little nautilus how to sail.—Pope.

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low-vaulted past.
Let each new mansion, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free; leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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WILL.

There is no chance, no destiny, no state,
Can circumvent or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing. Will alone is great.
All things give way before it soon or late.
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-seeking river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?

Each well born soul must win what it deserves.
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim. Why, even Death stands still,
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

Lesson IV.

The Uncreate is a pulsing sea of energy, never still; all degrees of motion everywhere present.

The Create is as much of this energy as has become conscious of itself.

Consciousness is produced by the friction of energy upon energy; there being only energy, i. e., living substance, in the universe.

This is illustrated by the currents in a river. If the bed were perfectly even the flow would also be even. The stream would be "unconscious" of its motion. The uneven bed causes currents. Where these currents interfere with each other there is "consciousness; an eddy is formed.

"Consciousness is produced by the friction of energy upon form," says C. C. Post.

Imagine the eddy formed in a stream as having the power to remain an eddy even though the currents change and cease to sweep past in the manner by which the eddy was first formed, and you will have a fair idea of the mode of creation of the first primitive forms.

That was the beginning of the individual.

He would have forever eddied on as he was set going had it not been for the further action of this pulsating sea of energy upon him.

This little conscious eddy, enjoying the sensation of consciousness, wills to continue it as he first experienced it. Here discrimination, the second step in growth; order the third, and cohesion, the fourth step, are plainly illustrated.

As long as this primitive individual chose to remain as he was, he remained. He could have perpetuated himself for all eternity if he had chosen to do so; so great is the power of the individual.

What happens to me and to you when we have enjoyed a pleasurable sensation for a length of time, without variation? We become "tired."

The primitive eddy became tired of his new sensation for the same reason.

All this time the ceaseless energy of the universe played about him without effect. He stood like a solid rock in a stream, enjoying himself, oblivious, unawakened to anythig beyond his own sensation or consciousness.

He grew less and less satisfied with himself, his sensation, and began to desire a change. What change he desired he did not know; never having experienced but one kind of sensation.

This indefinite Something of his desire, is to him an ideal.

The more he thinks on it the less he enjoys himself.

His ideal causes him to lose his grip, as it were, on himself. He does not choose any longer to remain as he is. Choice being Will, and Will being the only power that holds together the individual, he begins to disintegrate. He softens up. If he were a man (as he will be some day,) we would say of him, "He is all broken up."

Now this living sea of energy gets a chance at him.

Energy plays upon him; big waves sweep him from his old resting place; he tumbles around among other dissatisfied individuals and gets the jagged edges worn smooth; gentler and more powerful waves play over him; finer and yet finer forces play through him, changing all the currents of his being.

The friction of all this energy upon the old form of consciousness, causes new consciousness; new sensations which were impossible to him as long as self-satisfaction held him so closely together that finer energies had not opportunity to effect him.

By the action of energy upon his old consciousness or form, his vague "ideal"—the "something more" he has craved—assumes form. He becomes conscious of what the more is, which he craves.

His ideal is always an improvement upon the old reality.

Why? Can you not see that his ideal is the result of finer forces playing upon the old form? Hence the old form is refined—made finer; which is equivalent to saying that the old consciousness is refined—made finer.

The finer the force, the more intangible, the more powerful it is. This is proven by all observation. If you doubt it study the "material" sciences.

This fact proves two things:

1. That primitive individual must have been a result of the action of the coarser forces upon each other, because the coarser forces, from steam on down to dust, are most tangible to man.

2. All change must be from fine to finer, from high to higher, because a form produced by the action of any degree of energy, could not possibly be changed by the action upon it of a lower, or less powerful, degree of energy.

Think well upon this statement. It is the scientific reason why all is good.

It is also the explanation of the fact that man cannot judge righteously according to outward appearances.

All acts, as well as all form or consciousness, are produced by the action of invisible forces, always higher, upon visible or realized, forces. Only so can growth manifest.

Granting this as the process of growth, retrogression is impossible, unthinkable.

Disintegration is not retrogression, but progression.

Disease, sorrow, anger, fury, despair, death, are the effect of the action of finer forces upon realized forces; and always precede the realization of the higher.

Until
Such time
As the individual
Knows the law
of his growth; when he will recognize his source, and
Let
The higher forces
play upon him
Without resistance,

He will turn, as a child from a discarded toy, from the already realized to the ideal; thus reducing resistance to a minimum.

Resistance is the cause of all dis-ease; sin, sorrow, sickness and dissolution.

The cause of resistance is fear.

The cause of fear is a lack of knowledge of the absolute certainty of progress; the absolute certainty that all is Good.

As the individual's realization of the Law of his growth increases, fear diminishes.

As fear diminishes, resistance to change diminishes.

As resistance to change ceases, change produces no dis-ease.

This law works to the hair's breadth and immutably.

The Truth
Will set you
free from sin and death; and nothing else can.

MORAL.

Quit trying to put out fear, and seek understanding. Give yourself up to the play of the higher forces whose action upon your present consciousness produces higher understanding.

TO A PATIENT.

Here is a letter I wrote to a patient. It is too good to keep, so I'm going to send it to all my patients. The man who inspired it is an asthmatic. I wrote him a jolly letter and among other things told him to "laugh and grow fat." I received a reply to the effect that he was a "little better," not fat yet, and couldn't laugh because he didn't see anything to laugh at. I suspect if I had been where he

was I could not have seen anything to laugh at either. I would have manufactured something laughable in my mind, however. Here is the letter:

Sweetheart—

I'm down! clear down in the basement sitting on the floor! Can't think of any other place appropriate to my feelings. Here I went and wrote you the funniest things I could think of, in the jolliest way I know how, and you gaze lugubriolusly at me and wail, "I c-a-n-t laugh, when I don't see anything to laugh at." For all the world like a spoiled child that won't be pleased! If I were big enough and you were here, I would take you by the shoulders and shake you good; then I'd set you down mighty hard, in the corner, and leave you to reflect on the error of your way. You would be certain to see the truth after a bit. Why? Because you are good and kind and wise, loving and right intentioned at heart, even though you do try to keep it hidden—all because you have harbored the nonsensical notion that "the world is against you and life is not worth living."

Now, after you had reflected upon all this and made up your mind to be good, I'd come back and smile at you and call you "Sweetheart," and give you something nice to eat (and it wouldn't hurt you either!) and tell you good stories and funny stories. And then you would laugh! You'd let the sun of Good and Love in [illegible]. You can no more live healthily without plenty of good, hearty laughter than you can be strong and happy without plenty of sunshine. [illegible] is the sunshine of the soul."

Now, that is the mode of "treatment" I would give you if you were here. And you would be healed.

And then, years after, when you were "grown up," you would travel around the world if need be, to thank me for saving you from despair and death.

Now, you are not here, but you have got to laugh! If you won't laugh you will die and go to hell. That is the only place I know of where they don't laugh.

You are bound up, from bronchi to, cuticle from top to toe. And laughter, plenty of it, and oft repeated, is the only thing that will loosen you up and keep you free. You will have to laugh whether you feel like it or not. You can cultivate the desire if you will.

I can't be there to shake you up and make you laugh. You are not a baby anyhow, that needs a jack-in-the-box or a Punch-and-Judy to make it laugh. You are a man, with a will that will accomplish anything you choose!

So you are a "little better." You'd have been a lot better if you had let yourself. Let yourself loose now, and I will make a new man of you! I'll do it anyhow, but you can expedite matters.

Get up as quickly as possible and stay up and do things. Write me a good, long letter. Tell me all about yourself and your aims in life, past, present and future. Describe yourself. Send me your picture. Tell me the date of your birth. How many relations have you? How many friends? How many cats and dogs and chickens? What are your views on politics? And religion? Let yourself out to me. And don't apologize for using the capital I! I am not in the habit of writing long letters like this to all my patients, but your case is peculiar and you need to be "well shaken."

Take yoh med'cine, honey, an' git well!

Good-bye, Sweetheart! E. L. S.

HARMONY IN THE HOME.

The first principle of harmony at home is freedom.

Every human life is a sweet melody incarnate.

The law of attraction draws these melodies together according to the natural law of harmony. The law of attraction also separates a family of melodies and sets each separate melody in a new group, making what musicians call a "variation" of the former harmony; a "theme" is given a new setting.

We say of these changes in setting, "he ran away from home," or "she was married and went away to live," or, "they quarreled and separated," or "they have drifted apart."

And we lament the changes not hearing the divine harmonies. "All discord (is) harmony not understood." as we learn more and more of the principle of harmony we shall realize the harmony of all things.

All is Good.

The principle of all music is love. Perfect music, melody and harmony, is the free expression of love.

Each individual being a melody incarnate, and each group of individuals the melodies which fit each other at that time and place, it follows that each individual must freely express himself or herself in order to make harmony manifest.

The old idea of marriage, the idea evolved from the brains of our forefathers whose brain cells as a whole recorded less of wisdom than those of the men now [illegible], the old idea of marriage is directly contrary to this principle of life.

The "traditions of the fathers" still occupy space in our craniums and cause us more or less to cling to the idea that unison is the law of harmony at home.

"Wives, obey your husbands," means in reality, "Wives, express your husband's melody, not your own."

"Husbands, cherish your wives," means in practice, "Husbands, consult your wives' whims and caprices; sing their little tunes instead of your own."

Man and wife are continually interfering with each other and also with their children. Result, discord.

Well, keep on interfering if you will. You can do no permanent harm. And you will learn by your mistakes. By and by you will get tired of such living and learn that instead of being a bond slave to somebody else, he is a Good Soul, free to sing his sweet love song as he will. Then you will begin to hear the harmony that was there all the time. Sing, Sweetheart, and let other folks do as they please.

MORE ABOUT A CRITICISM.

I thought I had written "All About a Criticism" in a former number of The Nautilus, but that blessed Shelton fired one of his sharp criticisms at me and as a consequence I find there are more things I want to say about the same old thing. Shelton does not like criticism any more than I do. He writes as follows in February Christian:

"Prohibition, rules, regulations, criticism, fault-finding, nagging, scolding, none of these things ever did anybody any good.

* * * * * * * * *

Criticism! It seems to me that the criticism passed on me when I was a child will never be erased. My hair is getting white, but my cheek still burns when I think of faults pointed out in this same 'me' when I was a tow-headed toddler."

He seems to agree with me in another respect. "Consistency" is obsolete in his vocabulary as well as mine. This is evidenced by the fact that the very next article to the one from which the above is quoted contains a criticism nicely flanked with slices of flattering comment and well spiced with wit and sweetened with love; so that it wasn't half bad after all! Lots of things will pass in a sandwich or a hash. Here is the criticism:

"The editor says the first criticism of The Nautilus came from a sixteen year old high school boy. He said, "I have just one fault to find, and that is that you defy the rule of rhetoric, which says too many italics are bad form." Instead of correcting this fault, Lois goes right on capitalizing until she emphasizes her emphasis out of existence. Say, Bessie, dear, it wouldn't take one spark away from your individuality if you should learn wisdom from this high school kid and thank him for it. There is a big bunch of individuality in being large enough to promptly acknowledge an error. You are as sweet as you can be, and I couldn't make you any sweeter by putting you into italics, small caps, or capitals."

I have experienced a change of heart. I am converted. The two kids did it. How long I shall stay converted the Lord only knows, but the conversion is sound while it lasts. Shout, kids, and say Amen; and yell Rah! Rah! Rah! to your heart's content.

The first kid's criticism didn't phase me because I had already gone over the ground suggested by him and made up my mind to do as I pleased. And I pleased to expend some of my surplus energy in underscoring copy.

But Shelton is worse than Peck's famous kid. He is always bobbing up at unexpected times and places, and bringing somebody down off his perch. Bless you, my children; thanks.

FREEDOM.

Probably the widest circulated, and certainly the largest, mental science publication is Freedom, a 16-page weekly published by Helen Wilmans and Col. Post, at Seabreeze, Florida. No student of the new thought can afford to be without this paper. If you are not already a subscriber send a dollar for a year's subscription; or ten cents for a six weeks trial subscription. You might as well send the dollar in the first place. Helen Wilman's editorials are splendid statements of truth; her "Waste Basket" is always overflowing with common-sense and comicalities. Col. Post's "Bible Lessons" are calculated to dissipate the superstitions of the blindest Bible worshiper and dissolve the prejudices of the wildest anti-Bible crank. The , scientific articles and personal communications from all over the world are a source of great interest and inspiration to all its readers. The very name of the paper, Freedom, is a "treatment" everybody needs.

"One of the many indications of the rapidly increasing interest of the public in Mental Science is the numbers of papers and magazines devoted to it that are springing up. The latest to come to our table is The Nautilus from Portland, Oregon, whose editor, Elizabeth Lois Struble, writes us a very saucily flattering letter (such as smart women who want a favor of a gentleman know how to write) asking to be recognized as one of the family of Mental Science publications and put upon the exchange

list of Freedom. Among other things she says, "So well has Freedom taught and so well have I learned, and put in practice the principle of sucess that here the little Nautilus bobs up serenely and maybe a bit saucily, along side of Freedom, toots her shrill whistle and signals, "Salute me please, but if you won't I shall sail along anyhow! Success belongs to us both."

A Nautilus that has a horn and can toot is entitled to be saluted; such as are picked up on the beach down here do not have them. The Pacific Coast kind is evidently another variety. Down here the shell of one is valued at anywhere from two to ten dollars, of the Pacific Coast variety the editor offers twelve for half a dollar, one each month for a whole year. They are worth the money. I have already "scissored" a column article out of the December number which I intend to use in Freedom before long.

May The Nautilus continue to sail—and toot."

C. C. POST, in Freedom.

—I am.

—I am free.

—You are free.

—How does this suit?

—Don't be an anti-bigot bigot.

—You are alright, if you only knew it! Be still and know.

—Testimonials of healing crowded out this month. Plenty next time.

—Let go your grip on things and begin to recognize that the All Good has a grip on you.

—Don't borrow your neighbor's pattern to cut your thinking by. Be the only one of your kind.

—If you don't like your constitution and by-laws, just make a new set. You are your own law-maker.

—"Primal energy is forcing my soul to recognize and realize the omnipresence of Good."—Universal Truth.

—Life is a great kindergarten, with all manner of appliances for teaching the individual to mind his own business.

—"Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men sleeping, but never dead,
Shall rise in majesty to meet their ow."

—"The conditions of conquest are always easy. We have but to toil awhile, endure awhile, believe always, and never turn back."—Simms.

—Look back six months or a year and see how far you've grown! Now don't think about your growth again for another six months or a year.

—Quit hiding your light of love under a bushel of resentment, fault-finding, sulks, and exaction. Let go of these and love will shine out resplendently. Be a Sweetheart.

—"Your Nautilus has reached me twice and at first pretended to pay no attention to it; but some of your inspiration must come with it for it almost compels me to read it. Enclosed is 50 cents for which put me on your list one year. The paper is bound to do good wherever it goes and I wish you the best of success in every way."

—Anybody who thinks I am following in his footsteps is slightly off. I am making tracks of my own—number six tracks, with solid common-sense heels squarely set. Shelton knows he and I are one; but he makes the common masculine blunder of thinking he is the one. But he isn't. I Am the the only and original Betsy Lois.

—"Your 'prose-poem' is beautiful. I have felt the enchanting breezes blow more strongly for it. While I thought you were 'on top of the earth' in the previous Nautilus, in this issue I find that you have made the earth—in a fashion that will shock good people who have not studied mental science. In my mind's eye I perceive that your object is to stir them up, and I am sure you have succeeded."

—"A little Nautilus sailing over the great sea of life has landed at my home port, coming from the great Somewhere; and brought such tender messages of love; such healing balm was wafted on the breeze that bore it to me that I long to receive its sweet, strengthening tidings of truth and divine peace again and again. Enclosed you will find price of subscription, and I shall anxiously await its coming from month to month."

—I have just received a character reading from Mada Paddock Sprague, whose advertisement appears in another column. It is fine. That is, it is true. Mrs. Sprague is not only a good reader of character but she has an insight into the principles of life which makes her reading a help and an inspiration instead of a statement of limitations, such as most character readings prove to be. All mental scientists would be pleased with her work.

—"Inclosed find $1.00, for which please send Nautilus one year, also one month's treatment as per "Nautilus" of November, 1898. Your little paper is glorious. Success shall attend it. I'll just send a $1.00 bill, knowing that nothing can be lost, mislaid or forgotten. Your own shall come to you. I want to get out of all the old ruts. I am, with the highest thought that I can give you, X.

—If any of my readers have any first-class literature which he wishes to place where it will do the most good, send or carry it to the new Free Reading Room in the A. O. U. W. Temple, Taylor and Second streets, this city. Lucy A. Mallory has just startetd this new reading room and runs it on liberal lines. All the new thought reading, as well as the old, is found upon its tables, and everybody is welcome.

Sweetheart, you are a darling! You are not in any rut and you need no help! Do you know that letter and that bill are the component parts of a big joke? Why, I can see with half an eye that you are not in a rut! Discovered it first through your articles in Freedom! Oh well, life is all a big joke anyhow, and we are both the better off for this one! "Mine own," comes to me and yours to you. Listen to me in the silence every day and I will quickly convince you of the truth of what I say.

—The facility with which my readers and patients receive my thought is simply amazing. Distance is no barrier. From friends in all parts of the country, from Washington to Florida, from Maine to Mexico, comes the word that portions of the thought expressed in The Nautilus came to them in the silence ten days or more before the appearance of the paper. In some cases we have verified the belief that they receive at the time I wrote the articles. Truly the Word is omnipresent and omnipotent.

—What Emerson calls "Self-reliance," Rudyard Kipling advocates as the "Gospel of Conceit." Read his "Education of Otis Yeere," in the volume called "Under the Deodars." It is the finest kind of a lesson in mental science, and to the average man more readable than Emerson's Essays. Kipling, by the way, is himself and writes like himself, having learned well the "Gospel of Conceit." That is why he is Success. Every man IS Success and will manifest it in measure as he expresses himself.

—The trustees of the Children of Salam, near Dona Ana, New Mexico, and his wife, who have under their care about twenty-five homeless waifs gathered up from all over the country, are very desirous of securing the assistance of others in helping to care for these children. They are in need of a teacher and a laundress immediately. Only those who love children and are in sympathy with theOahspe ideas of training would find congenial employment at this home. For terms, requirements, etc., address Mrs. Frances Howland, Shalam, Dona Ana, New Mexico.

—Fear is at the bottom of all disease, but there is something at the bottom of fear. It is a lack of understanding. We fear because we do not understand ourselves. An understanding of ourselves as the source of all power enables us to throw off fear. With fear all disease disappears and we stand straight in the power of our God-hood, ready to create intelligently instead of blindly as before. All fear is essentially fear of ourselves. We think we are afraid of something outside ourselves—something over which we have no control. It is our supposed lack of power to control it which is the real cause of fear, not the thing itself. A knowledge of self is the only cure for fear. A knowledge of self is the only arbiter of our own fate paralyzes effort and we fail to develop the latent ability to master environment. To know ourselves is to be free from the only taskmaster, fear.

"To achieve immortality in the flesh is not to retain the body of to-day, for it, even a year hence is not what it is to-day. Its every atom has been cast out in the meantime, and each has given way to a new atom similar to but not wholly like itself. These atoms are thrown off or taken on by the organizing principle which forms and holds in continuance the body. The organizing principle, working, as it does through the medium of the mind, builds according to the character of the mental vibrations. As those vibrations are constantly changing, there is constant change in the body. * * * * Spirit * * * can, however, provide itself with innumerable bodies. Its power in this direction is unlimited, therefore, the loss of one body is not an irreparable loss. It may in some instances be a positive gain, just as it is sometimes best to tear down a house which is beyond repair and build a new one.

The ways of nature are many and what we now know as death may be but one of those wonderful shifts by which our mistakes are rectified. No matter how we may miss the better way we cannot stray beyond the limits of Infinite Love. Even the wounds and bruises which come to us in our wanderings are all converted into good." Kate Atkinson Boehme, in "The Conquest of Death," number four of "Seven Essays on the Attainment of Happiness. 25 cents each, $1.50 for all. Address A. M. Cheney, 1528 Corcoran, Washington.

"Do you know why a Chinaman wears a pigtail? If you do, you know the reason of nearly everything that exists in the world of fashion and belief. Each Chinaman does it because all the others do, and they all do it because their fathers did; and if you trace the custom to its origin, you will find that some sacred fool in

the first place started the fashion by which thousands of millions of Celestials have had their heads as well as their minds moulded after the model of a primitive polywog. And the minds as well as the bodies of all other people are formed or deformed just in the same way. Just as the divine pigtail has descended to Ching Chong from the prehistoric period of Solong in the dynasty of Ding Dong, so all our own fashions, ceremonies, beliefs and ideas about law, government, authority, social organization, finance, labor, capital, trade and commerce have descended to ús from bare-legged barbarians who would be unpresentable in this age. We have changed the fashions of our clothes but our belief in the divine right of many ancient evils is still unchanged."—New Dispensation.

—"Is it wrong for me to want to marry? I know it is natural, but is it spiritual?"

No, it is not wrong to want to marry. It is natural, and all nature is "spiritual." Desire points upward. Love is not only the greatest thing in the world, but it is the only desirable thing in the world. Nobody ever loved too well; nobody can love too much; and loving brings its own reward. But there is the pinch. Until people know a little more about themselves than they have in the past they are not content with loving, but they want to exact love from the loved one. There is where all the inharmony comes in. Let them alone and they will respond in due time. Hands off and give them a chance to respond. You cannot really love, nor others either, as long as you are disfigured with jealousy, suspicion, resentment, tears and wails, "hidden sorrows," and such like. Be your own [illegible] care-free, loving, (but not [illegible] self, and you will attract love enough to satisfy the world.

—In another column appears an affidavit of a most wonderful case of healing by Helen Wilmans. If you are afflicted with any of those terrible diseases like cancer or leprosy you cannot do better than go or send to Helen Wilmans. I tell you right now that I am not looking for any such cases. I have done a lot of healing in the last two years—headaches and colds, tumors, tuberculosis, dishwashing-aches, fits, deafness, insanity, nervous prostration, poverty, discouragement and such like—but I have no such cases as that of Mr. English. The only cancer case I ever had is alive yet. But there is room for improvement in her condition. While I am not looking for such cases, yet, if you have tried Mrs. Wilmans and Close and Shelton, and the rest of the irregulars, give me a turn and I will do my best. If I don't cure you death will have to wipe off the slate and give you another chance. The kind of cases I revel in is the weak-kneed and limber-backboned kind, "fraidie-cats," as Eugene Field has it. I like to stiffen up the backbone of an "I-can't-sir," before he has time to develop cancer. "An ounce of prevention" is my kind of medicine.

—Do you want to know what to read? I am preparing a type-written list of the books and periodicals which have been of most value to me at the various stages in my own growth, from the time I was "converted" up to the present. The list will be divided into sets according to the different classes of people and stages of growth, with which I am familiar. Not a book or a periodical will be mentioned which has not directly helped me. Hundreds of other books I have read and all I have not read may be just as helpful to other temperaments as those mentioned were to me. But my understanding of the Law of Attraction leads me to believe that what has benefited me is most likely to benefit those who are attracted, either personally or through my writings, to me. From time to time the list will be supplemented as my own unbiased judgment recognizes new helps among the rapidly multiplying mental science literature. Any of the books or papers named may be ordered through me at the regular prices, which will be stated upon the list. Send name and address and ten cents if you desire the list.

—"Will you explain in your next paper why so many people have caught the idea of immortalizing their own physical bodies by believing all is good, and there is no evil? For instance, if a person has lost one eye, and becomes converted to your doctrine, and conquers death, so he, or she, remains in the material here on earth, by what law will the lost eye be restored? Or will he remain as a one eyed angel or immaculate being? I am seeking for light."

The reason people have "caught the idea of immortalizing the body" is that reason recognizes an immortal body as desirable and believes the desirable to be always attainable. The simple belief that all is good will prolong life by reducing fear to its minimum, but it will not make the body immortal because "all is good" must include conditions as well as causes. Sorrow, sickness and death are Good, just as truly as joy, health, life, are Good. One quality of cause—namely, Good—produces the same quality as Effect. Anything is Good to him who thinks it Good. Death is Good to him who thinks it good; so are tallow candles. But tallow candles are superseded by something better; death will be superseded in the same way. How? By man's recognition of himself as the source of all things and his development from within himself of "whatsoever things he desires." In the case of the lost eye. He knows sub-consciously, having developed at last one pair of eyes, how to develop an eye. He recognizes himself as able to do again what has been done at least once. Thinking, "in faith believing,"—i. e., willing—calls into activity this knowledge, latent in the sub-conscious mind, and the eye is replaced in the same manner in which it was built originally. He will remain a "one-eyed angel" until he learns: First, that two eyes are better than one; second, that he can replace the lost eye; third, that he will.

Dear Little Nautilus:—

You have sailed right into me!! For more than a quarter of a century I have been writing books and periodicals of all kinds and sending them out to show the world that "Man is Love." And I have cried out, "Behold the Woman enthroned in the very heart of Deity." I have been a living prayer that God would give success to these efforts and open men's eyes to the great truths of being. Now you little youngster come along and virtually say to me, "Make yourself a living power for spreading these truths." Well, "a child shall lead them." So you may lead me out into the great ocean of power, and help me to take of its omnipotent energy and I will send out the word of truth knowing it shall accomplish that whereunto I send it."

ONE WHO KNOWS.

—"We send many welcomes and Happy and Successful New Years to you and your dear little Nautilus. * * * * Send us your No. 1, please, as we have not seen it. With much cordial friendship,

Yours,
EDITOR "EXPRESSION."
London, England.

"The Nautilus of Portland, Ore., is the best and most consistent of the Mental Science papers we have seen yet and contains some interesting studies in metaphysics."—The New Dispensation.

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